

HEADS UP

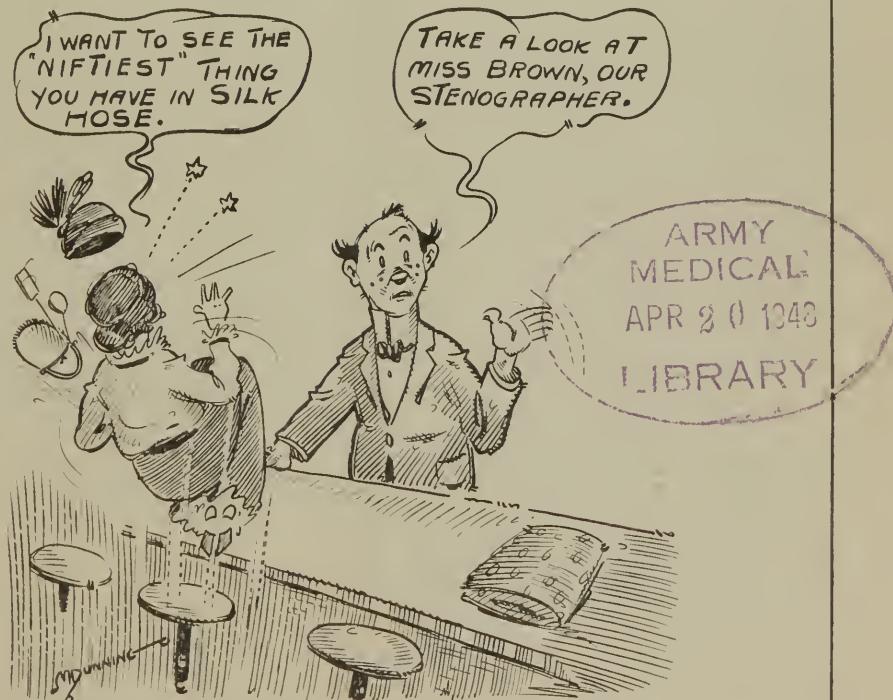
Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Saturday, March 22, 1919

Vol. II

"Talk happiness; the world is sad enough"

No. 70

Base Ball Today at 2 P. M.—Q. Mers. vs. Officers
Last League Game of the Season



Clerk Saphead springs one unknowingly

HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "*Heads Up.*"

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

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Out in the trenches, banker and bricklayer, lawyer and farmer, professor and blacksmith, joined in a common job—the biggest job in all history—the blanketing of the globe with democracy. And the job is done.

And now these men lay aside their weapons to return to industry. They have learned democracy in a bitter school and it is natural that they should want the spirit of that for which they struggled and suffered to dominate the new era.

And we, who stayed at home and produced the materials to sustain their fight—what of us? Have we kept pace with the ideals for which they fought?

The ashes of war are shoveled away, but the added equipment which war forced the nation to build is still standing. Out of this resources, America will forge a large future.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are likewise released for new enterprises. Listening ears will hear the hammer and clank and whirr of peace-time production.

It is the beginning of Something Better.

Men! Are we ready to embrace our coming opportunities?

GOING! GOING! GOING! GONE! SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

The ultimate remnant of what was once the post exchange passed under Capt. Repp's hammer Thursday night on the upper floor of old Ward C. We, for one, can hear yet auctioneer par-excellence Repp still saying, "Give me the hawl! Give me the hawl!" with the heavy staccato hammer wielded by Rundquist knocking down the last package.

In place of the usual school-bell, the full-throated church bell that has done duty as a sounder of reveille in the anti-bugle days summoned the buyers in at 7:00 P. M. Demosthenes Repp in shirt sleeves with sphinx-like-mien proceeded to business at once, while Solomon Levi Rundquist and David Harum Porterfield slipped packages onto the table, and smiled and whispered Mephistophilian somethings to the auctioneer.

They are off! One package at a time, at first with bidding heavy and spirited. The auctioneer was so good that the stuff was over-selling. Hence they put up two packages at each sale. Meanwhile the festive hot-dogs were bouncing about hither and yon and the cider was flowing only in one direction, namely, *in*. In passing, it may be stated that the extra keg of cider shook loose from its moorings, silently rolled out of the building, and rolled down into the lake. Pity someone could not have had it to drink! Kegs, particularly cider kegs, should never be left on a side hill, where they could roll into a lake. To return to the main topic, the auction was finished in forty minutes and the lottery was drawn for the extra prizes. The big prize, No 123, the lucky holder being Pvt. Fulton. With No. 26, Capt. Slattery drew the second prize, a box of cigars. But the real prize draw of the evening was the third, which happened to be No. 41, held by KaCy Kelly. Under nearly all the wrapping paper in Christendom were a pair of hob-nail overseas shoes. These were Kell's, and were received in the presence of the entire and appreciative audience. This way out and over the hill. Let's go!



Many go out for wool and come home shorn themselves.



KaCy Kelly is back with us again, and threatens to give the enlisted men the rollockingst finale stunt. Watch the bulletin boards for further announcements.

HEADS UP

REGISTRATION OF DISCHARGED SOLDIERS AT OFFICE OF CITY OR COUNTY CLERKS.

(Extract from Circular No. 174, War Dept.)

"All officers and soldiers will be notified upon discharge that the Governors of several States have asked that men who have served in the Army register upon returning home, with their respective town, city or county clerks, or other appropriate officials. This action is requested on the part of all those returning to communities in which opportunity is afforded for such registration, with a view to the establishment of complete lists, both for convenience in making plans to welcome returning soldiers and also for permanent historical record."

Such registering will, through publicity, furnish positions for discharged soldiers who have none in sight, put them in touch with army friends, etc.

If any men land in intermediate cities between camp and home, all should register at post offices, W. C. C. S. huts, and similar points where their townsmen will locate them. Provision for such intermediate registering, it is hoped, will be shortly established.



Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.



WE GOT THE GIRL, WE GOT THE RING,
'N EVERYTHING.

Chaplain Flannagan was a caller in this sanctus sanctorum, in other words, "Heads Up" office, yesterday. Our brush and pencil expert, who cavorts daily on our front page with the nimble idea, held the dominie in earnest conversation. Go to it, Dunn! Let's have a regular post wedding!



The easiest person to deceive is one's own self.



JOHN MARSHALL NIGHT SCHOOL
STUDENTS, ATTENTION!

Some of the men who took classes at the John Marshall have not yet returned the text-books that institution loaned them. Please return them, or else Chaplain Flannagan will go broke. If you can't return them to the school leave them at the Red Cross Building in care of Mr. Barlow.

MATRIMONY!!! MATRIMONY!!! MATRIMONY!!!

One of our Q. M's. has decided to equip himself with a wife. We never saw it to fail when spring time comes around. We wish you all the luck and happiness in the world, Ralph, old boy.



One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.



"SPEAK THE SPEECH I PRAY YOU AS I
ANNOUNCE IT TO YOU TRIPPINGLY
FROM THE TONGUE."

All comer's stunt night strictly for amateurs unearthed some talent over in the Red X building immediately following the auction. They were all headliners, but here is somewhat the order and occurrence:

Miss Matheney favored first with a recitation, which was well received. Lt. Francis rocked the audience with his drollery about Moses, Roses and Poses. Greenberg, Bowen and Shankweiler put on a musical offering that was a bear. This turn was so good that the judges are looking into their credentials concerning their amateur standing. Sgt. Bowen took over the stage management from Capt. Slattery long enuf for the latter to put on an imitation of Fred Stone's "Very Good, Eddie" ventriloquist act, with Lila Leaf in the role of manikin perched on Slat's right knee. To the bass-voiced cadence of very good Lila the young lady was compelled to say who the handsomest Red Cross man was. Fairly good act for small time circuit. Pvt. Monahan was the next performer with the "Long, Long Trail", assisted by Mlle. Leaf at the ivories. Capt. Berlucci, our own Ping Bodie, gave two violin selections. A good act. Then followed the highest class number when little Margaret Kern did an artistic dance. Here's Bowen and Greenberg in again with poor Pvt. Kline in the boob role. This was great for the audience, a little tuff on Kline, but he very well crossed his tormentors by finishing strong. Sgt. Duffy and company next put on a rollicking act that was a curly wolf. Sgt. Porterfield starred in this turn. The bill closed with Lt. Fegan in a ventriloquist act that was so good that it sounded as though the turn was crooked. Some of the wise ones say that Feg used a fonograf. That's all. Let's do it again. Let's go! Say, Sunday night.

HEADS UP

SPRING ZEPHYRS.

Cpl. Stauffer and his cane remind one of Father Time and his Staff.

—o—

Cpl. Rowe, we congratulate you on your twenty-second anniversary. Birthday greetings.

—o—

Former Mess Sgt. Alberts prays that the Lieutenant in charge of bacteriology department will not stay out so late at night, as he wants his third positive culture in due time, so he may be out with the boys again.

—o—

Pvt. Haywood after serving his country as long as he has, slopping pop over the counter, thinks he deserves a discharge. He said that it took a long time for him to make the boys say "Nuf," but he finally got "'em."

—o—

Sgt. Robinson is still faithful. Not a single night has he spoiled yet by staying on the post.

—o—

"Dixie" Keel and "Pat" Brennen are the all-star boarders of the sanitary gang. Cpl. Stauffer says, "They are not over working coal heavers, but are so fancy." Dixie insists on Pat helping him out with a song while awaiting their turn at the big spoon. Their favorite is "Dear old pal of mine," of which the musical time seems to liken with their disposition. Snappy, that is them all over.

—o—

Tilly Walker, with his sweet lullabys, is missed very much from Cook Wolfe's staff.

—o—

Pvt. Heinze is looking for a stripper to help him peel spuds.

—o—

Pvt. McKee, who works at enlisted men's mess, said: "In bygone days, he responded only when addressed as 'The Diamond Kid' or 'Atlantic City Dave', but in the future he adds, 'The Pearl Diving Kid.'"

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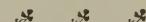
Pvt. Midkiff, on celebrating his twenty-fourth birthday, said: "I have spent twenty-three years and two months of heavenly bliss, but for the last ten months I have been shaking hands with myself for the fact that I am still able to be among the living."

—o—

HEADLINE—"Port Tied Up When 12,000 Workers Quit." What about sherry, claret, etc.

Mosquitoes, representative of all species, occurring at camps or posts where troops of the United States are stationed, are to be collected for the Army Medical Museum in Washington under orders just issued by the Surgeon General. At present the collection is very incomplete, and medical officers are directed to see that collections of these insects are made at the times and in the manner described in circular instructions being published.

Collections of mosquitoes are to be made at each station at least bi-weekly, at three periods during the twenty-four hours, early morning from 5 to 6 A. M., mid-day and after 7 P. M. The time of collection will vary in different latitudes, but observation will determine the time when the insects are most prevalent at each locality. They are to be collected by means of a suitable killer or by mosquito traps. The "chloroform tube" is the best and most easily obtained killer, and mosquito traps are also useful. Shipments of the mosquitoes in lots of twenty-five each in specially prepared boxes are to be mailed by medical officers at camps to the Curator, Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C.



DEMOBILIZED.

The last long mile is over,
And the last long hike is done,
Where it's life back in the clover
And a day dream in the sun;
Where there's no top sergeant waiting
With his "FALL IN" for the mob,
And a man may sleep forever—
If his wife has got a job.

The reveilles have vanished
And the drill is out of place;
Let the bally bugler bugle
Till he's purple in the face;
The mess kit may be filthy now
And every Doc you meet
Doesn't make you strip before him
As you saunter down the street.

Of all expressions, highly prized,
That used to have the call,
"Demobilized"—"Demobilized"—
You've got it on 'em all;
The Army has its tidy points
But where the flags are furled,
I'd rather be demobilized
Than Marshal of the world.

—Grantland Rice.